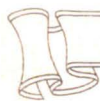




THE SHIELD
1937

ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON





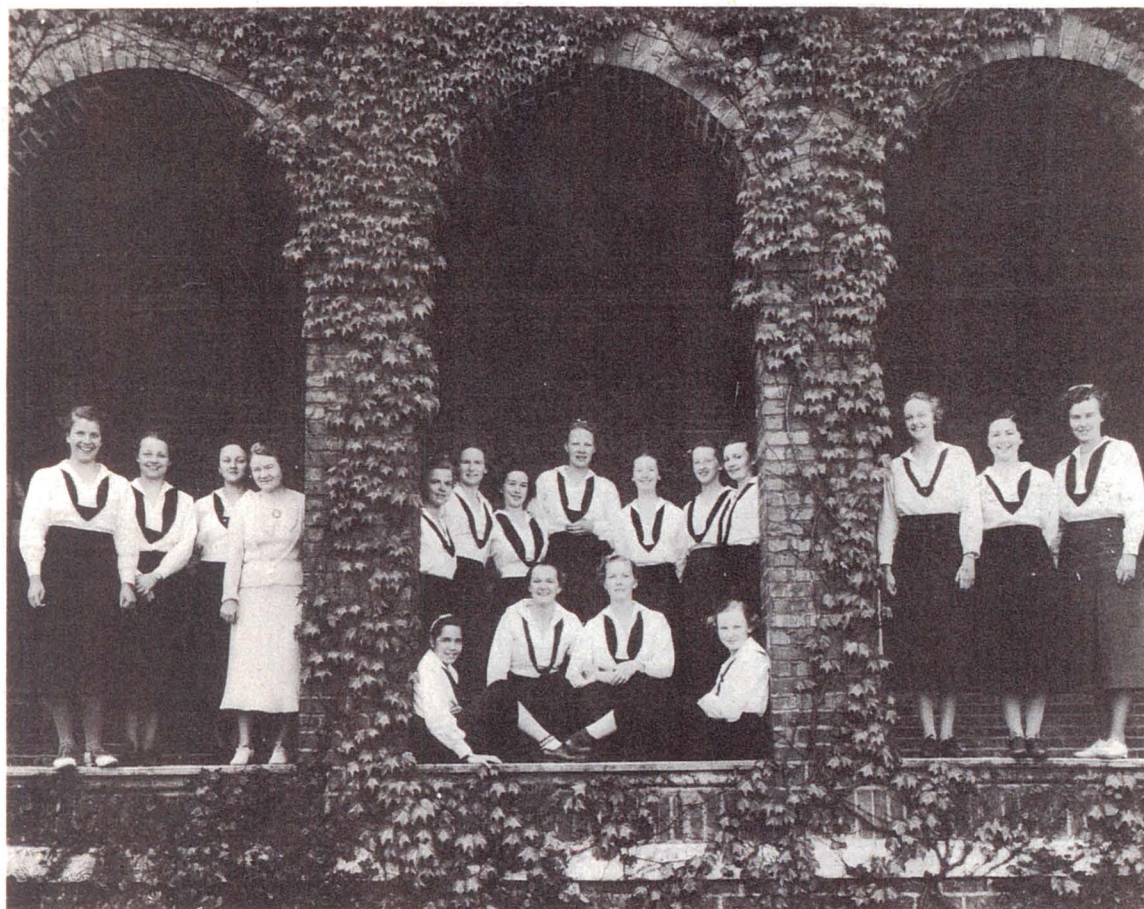
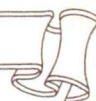
DEDICATION - - -

This SHIELD of 1937 with grateful appreciation we dedicate to Bishop Huston, our friend and guide, who reveals to us the way that leads "From Strength to Strength."



May a happy smile, the ivy-covered door and the friendly greeting of the little Seminary dog be the visible expression of the warm welcome we extend to all Seminary girls whenever they return to us.

SALLIE EGERTON WILSON.



Standing: Frances Sanborn, Martha Turner, Barbara Bathrick, Marie Templeton, Dorothy Parker, Elizabeth Goode, Nancy Morse, Frances Force, Alice Ohlson, Frances Young, Margaret McGinnis, Barbara Skerry, Bette-Jo Simpson, Kathryn Paulson. Seated: Barbara Ohnick, Jane Thomas, Elizabeth Ann Hewitt, Joan Latimer.

THE STAFF OF THE CREST AND SHIELD

Co-Editors	Elizabeth Ann Hewitt Jane Thomas	Alumnae	Alice Ohlson Margaret McGinnis
Associate Editors	Assistants	Current Events	
Literature		Barbara Skerry	Bette-Jo Simpson
Frances Crawford Elizabeth Goode	Nancy Norse	Lower School	
Art		Joan Latimer Business Manager	Barbara Ohnick Barbara Bathrick
Phyllis Anne Dickman	Kathryn Paulson	Printing	
News		Dorothy Parker	Frances Sanborn
Frances Force	Martha Turner	Faculty Adviser	Marie Woodworth Templeton



SENIORS



JEAN ANDERSON

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the sixth grade. Re-entered in her sophomore year. Vice president of the Senior Sorority. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



BARBARA BATHRICK

Alameda, California

Entered in her junior year. Corridor Councillor in '36. Business manager of the CREST and the SHIELD. Choir. Plans to attend the University of California, Berkeley.



BARBARA BOGAN

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her senior year. Vice president of the Senior class. Plans to enter Washington State College.



1937



MARY COWELL

Missoula, Montana

Entered in her junior year. Corridor Councillor in '37. Maid of Honor. Secretary-treasurer of the Junior class. Choir. Plans to enter the University of Washington.



FRANCES CRAWFORD

Tacoma, Washington

Attended the Seminary 1933-1935. Re-entered in her senior year. Literary editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Flagbearer. Plans to enter Stanford University.



PHYLLIS ANNE DICKMAN

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the kindergarten. Art editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to enter Stanford University.

SUSANNE FISHER

Seattle, Washington

Entered in her freshman year. Secretary of the Student Council in '35. Crucifer. President of the Student Council. Holder of the Key. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



SENIORS

1937



FRANCES FORCE
Seattle, Washington

Entered in her junior year. President of the Missionary Society. News editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Whitman College.



BETTY JUNE HOWE
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her sophomore year. Our lovely May Queen. Plans to attend Mills College.



ELIZABETH GOODE
Portland, Oregon

Entered in her freshman year. President of the Athletic Association. Literary editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Choir. Plans to enter the University of Washington and later Wellesley College.



ALICE OHLSON
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her sophomore year. President of the Junior class. Alumnae editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Pomona College.



ELIZABETH ANN HEWITT
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the first grade and attended the Seminary through the seventh grade. Re-entered in her junior year. Secretary-treasurer of the Senior class. Co-editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Freshman Trustee Scholar, Mills College.



DOROTHY PARKER
Portland, Oregon

Entered in 1935. Corridor Councillor in '35. Treasurer of the Missionary Society. Treasurer of the Senior Sorority. Printing editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Gold team captain. Choir. Plans to attend Oregon State College.

KATHRYN PAULSON
Spokane, Washington

Entered in her senior year. Assistant Art editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.





SENIORS

1937



ELIZABETH POST
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her first grade and attended the Seminary through the sixth grade. Re-entered in her sophomore year. Plans to attend Washington State College.



JANET ROBBINS
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her junior year. Blue team captain. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



BARBARA SKERRY
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in her senior year. Current Events editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Wellesley College.



LUCY STRANGE
Seattle, Washington

Daughter of a former Seminary girl. Entered in her junior year. President of the Senior Sorority. Choir. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



LORNA STUDEBAKER
Castle Rock, Washington

Entered in her junior year. President of the Senior class. Choir. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



JANE THOMAS
Butte, Montana

Entered in her junior year. Co-editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



MAYA VANDERSPEK
Seattle, Washington

Attended the Seminary the first semester of her junior year. Re-entered in her senior year. Choir. Plans to enter the University of Washington.



AT OUR INSPIRATIONAL FLAGPOLE

Well, here we are at the flagpole, reminiscing. We are now alumnae and we enjoy recalling our past. What good times we have had sitting here, talking, composing songs in honor of each forthcoming pleasure. Let us review the years.

Our thoughts drift back to the care-free hours of childhood. This class of ours, strong now, was not originally so. Only two of our number, Phyllis Anne Dickman and Elizabeth Ann Hewitt, took their first toddling steps along the road of knowledge at the Seminary. Some of us were here for a season, then left. Finally, at the end of our childhood we stood on the verge of a new life, that of Freshmen.

Remember our Freshman class of nine girls? It was led by Helen Lou Sick. Two members, Sue Fisher and Elizabeth Goode, joined our class when freshmen, and have been with us for four succeeding years. The memorable events of that year were serving at the Junior Prom, attending the Sophomore-Freshman Hop, and winning first prize at the Doll Bazaar.

In our Sophomore year we were guided by Sallie Hopkins. Though still small in numbers, our class turned out for sports, and we were proud to beat the seniors in volleyball. Do you remember the Sophomore-Freshman Hop? The gymnasium was decorated with sporting goods of every description.

Fortune favored us in our Junior year, and eleven new friends joined our ranks. During this year Alice Ohlson was our president. Many memorable things took place. First was the Frolic when we used red, white, and blue decorations, as it fell on Washington's Birthday. The crowning achievement of our artistic endeavors was a large American flag made of balloons on the stage curtain. Our class stunt, the Turkey Trot, provided plenty of entertainment and won us fame. At the Doll Bazaar again we won first prize. One evening shortly before the Christmas holidays we enjoyed a party given us by Miss Wilson in her cottage. We had quantities of fun, especially in our efforts to decorate the big Christmas tree—a task which is a Junior privilege. Will you ever forget the Prom? That tropical garden with the moon glowing over the palms and the marvelous music! We were overjoyed to have Mary Cowell elected Maid of Honor for May Day. Just to be sure of favorable weather we marched around the school in the morning singing, "It ain't gon' a rain no more." Then there was the Junior-Senior banquet

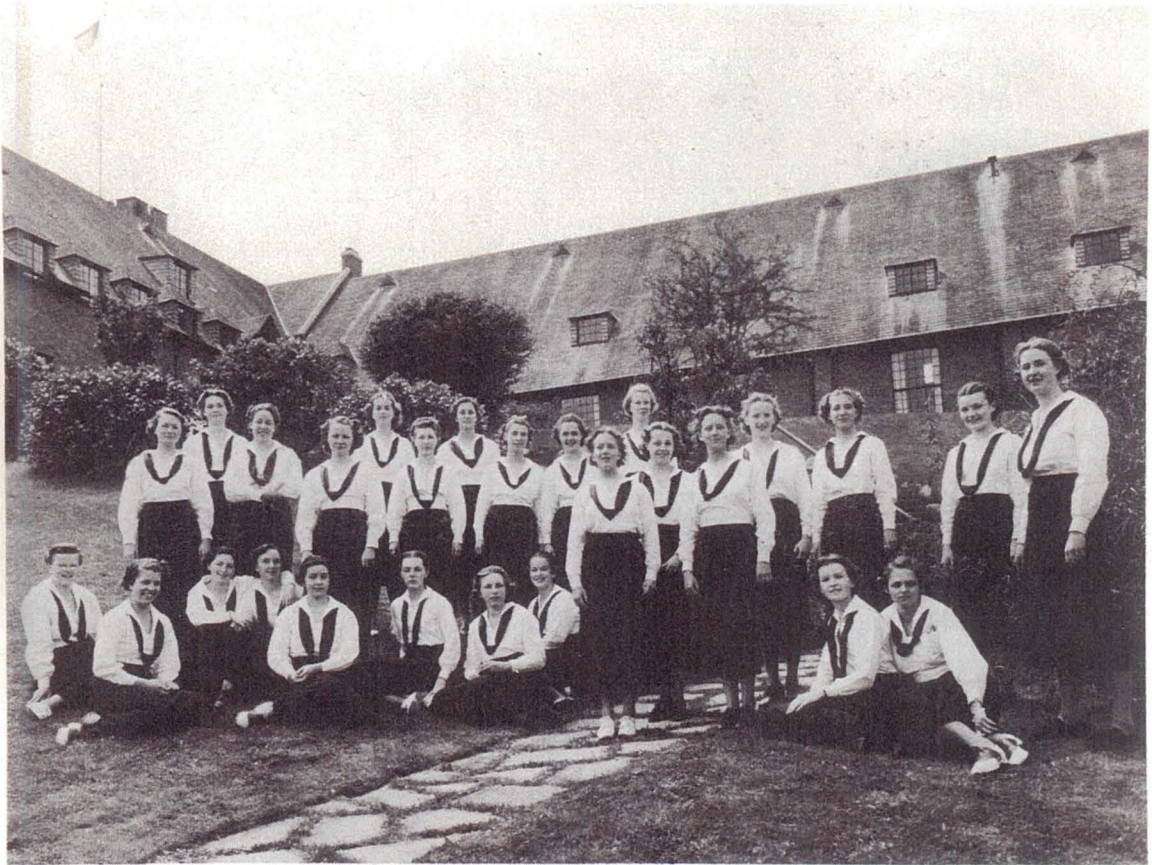
which we attended with trembling hearts, wondering what the initiation would bring.

In our Senior year we welcomed more new members. Lorna Studebaker has been our guide this year. Our first party was the Sorority Dance. Remember the decorations? Gold stars on a black background. As usual the Carol Service was lovely. All our hearts were saddened, however, when we realized that it was the last one in which we should take part. As is the custom, the seniors were entertained by Miss Wilson in her cottage after the service. At midnight we sang carols as we walked through the darkened corridors.

We were greatly indebted to the Juniors for giving a wonderful Prom in our honor. It was beautifully staged and greatly enjoyed. Another satisfying recollection is the outcome of the Junior-Senior basketball game. We were proud to win because it was a hard fight. May was a month of exciting events. Foremost, of course, was May Day. The program exceeded our wildest dreams. Our lovely Queen, Betty June Howe, presided with true queenly grace and dignity. On the evening of May Day came the Athletic Association banquet, a fitting climax to a perfect day. We entertained the Juniors with a day of sports at the Country Club, followed by the Junior-Senior banquet. After dinner, we returned to the school and initiated the poor trembling Juniors into the Senior Sorority.

We are glad to say that the Senior Play was a huge success. It was the "Romancers" by Rostand. The leading parts were taken by Kathryn Paulson, Frances Crawford, Barbara Bathrick, Maya Vanderspek, and Frances Force, and Alice Ohlson. Baccalaureate fulfilled all our expectations. In the dim peace of the Chapel we appreciated more strongly than ever before the desire for knowledge, the ambition, the happiness, and the friendships which the Seminary had given us. And Class Day! Our class prophecies, and planting our tree, then the rush to the Senior stairs. Last year Elizabeth Goode gained the top first. Of course the Bonfire that night was loads of fun. We burned all the "cherished mementos" of our school years.

Then Commencement, the long awaited day. We were glad when it came, but nevertheless in our hearts we knew it meant the ending of one important and happy phase of our lives, a phase to which we can never return except in our reminiscing.



Standing: Patricia Fraser, Anne Murray, Mary Jane Irwin, Phyllis Fraser, Caroline Stone, Virginia Humbird, Lois Jannsen, Joan Burmeister, Shirley Robbins, Joan McKie, Mary Nasmyth, Martha Turner, Gwen McKie, Frances Young, Judy Fraser, Margaret McGinnis, Mary Jean Morris. Seated: Lois Parker, Frances Sanborn, Bette-Jo Simpson, Ann Huston, Nancy Morse, Joy Hulbert, Marjorie Beam, Helen Stone, Virginia Crowe, Vernetta Rowland.

THE CLASS OF 1938

Toot! Toot! The Junior Class Express came roaring into the station this year with twelve additional passengers, making the total an even thirty. Included were Anne Murray, engineer; Patricia Fraser, assistant engineer, and Lois Parker, ticket agent. Our brakemen were the Misses Crane, Leiter, and Egley.

The first term passed rapidly with the Juniors enthusiastically taking part in the various autumnal sports. Scarcely had we rounded the bend toward the second semester when we were hostesses to the rest of the school at the Junior Frolic. We gave a St. Valentine's party this year, and used red and white hearts as decorations to enliven the gymnasium. After several trips to the

Mountain, which no adjectives can adequately describe, the Juniors proved to have many adept skiers in their ranks. Suddenly before we realized it the Promenade, the highest hill of the year, loomed ahead of us. Gathering all its power, our engine started up the grade saying, "I think I can, I think I can." After we had transformed the Great Hall into a Dutch garden, and after the Prom had been pronounced a great success, our train, giving a triumphant "toot," slid down the hill saying, "I knew I could, I knew I could."

The Junior Express has carried us to many exciting places. Its warning toot has been sounded. Next stop, Senior Land!



Standing: Allace Duthie, Suzanne Ingram, Welby Jamesson, Anne Gordon. Seated: Elinor Upper, Helen King, Maryhelen Grande, Sheilah Sullivan, Virginia Holmes, Mildred Mellick, Mary Turrill, Jane Ringling, Audrey McKie.

THE CLASS OF 1939

Second Inning -----

The Team of 1939 is warming up. The first event of the year for us was the election of class officers which installed Maryhelen Grande as captain of the Team of 1939 and Virginia Holmes as the Team's financial manager. In our number we see a few old faces, more new ones. Our oldest member is Suzanne Ingram who made her appearance at the Seminary eight years ago, and there is Mary Turrill who is an old-timer, also.

The second semester brought six new members to the Sophomore fold. We were proud to have Helen King carry off diving honors this spring. Instead of giving the Hop, we decided to break tradition this year and enjoy a day at the Mountain. Both skiers and would-be skiers had a fine time and we all returned with evidence of the trip very apparent upon our sunburned faces.

So much for the second inning! Two more to go.



**CLASS OF
1940**

Standing:

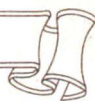
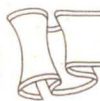
Vera Fraser
Marjorie Evans
Anne Chapman
Winifred Lucey
Lila Sullivan

Seated:

Mary Moore
Elaine Shapiro



Blue! White! Our class colors and long may they flourish. Though only beginning our career, we have many interests. Jane praises New York with its skyscrapers, while Marjorie tells amazing tales of movieland. Lila and Ve like the concertina, swimming, skiing, tennis. By the way, Ve is our tennis ace. Soon after the close of school Winnie is sailing for Australia to enjoy a holiday far away from familiar scenes. Mary declares there is no place like Alaska. Elaine is the newest member of our class. One sad thing has happened to us—the loss of Nancy who had to desert us for Panama. Nancy promises to be back with us after two years, and we surely hope so. This year some of our members had the honor to be in the Christmas play. We all attended the Frolic and had a marvelous time. The trips to the Mountain will long be remembered, too. We may not have many great deeds to our credit as yet, but wtcn us! Time will tell.

**FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES**

Standing: Jean Lenham, Virginia Oakley, Peggy Grumbling, Barbara Sutherland, Barbara Lou Rogers, Barbara Ohnick, Marion Ingram, Elka Robbins. Seated: Avonne Nelson, Margaret Jean Langabeer, Donna Rogers, Laurienne Stewart, Jane Titcomb, Caroline Screven, Dorothy Winkler, Barbara Gene Childs, Barbara Turner, Arlene Hoveland, Mary Ann Galloway, Fredella Hackett, Darcia Dayton, Alice Ann Beal.

**SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES****Standing:**

Marie Eckstrom
Frances McGinnis
Joan Latimer
Jane Snider
Ann Weyerhaeuser
Louise Wilbur

Seated:

Winifred Saxton
Corinne Latimer
Hazel Schaeffer
Lael Latimer
Sally Ann Gould
Virginia Schwan
Nancy Longstreth
Jane Bronson
Anita Derby
Bonnie Jean Chitty
Mary Lea Griggs
Mary Ann Ellison
Mary Elizabeth Abeel



LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

OUR TREES

Give me a land of boughs in leaf,
A land of trees that stand.
Where trees are fallen, there is grief;
I love no leafless land.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

One of the traditions that have remained with the School since its early days is that of having the departing Seniors plant a class tree. These trees, symbols of character and of grace, have beautified the grounds and have become an established part of the Seminary. Many of the trees which were planted at the old school have been transplanted here because without them the new school was not complete.

There are so many trees and shrubs about the school that only a few can be described. The oldest trees on the new school grounds are on the hill by the flagpole overlooking the Sound—a flowering cherry, a flowering crab, and a flowering plum. These trees were planted by the classes of '89 and '96, the class of '89 being that of Mrs. Ashton whom we all know so well. In early May these trees are so fully in bloom that look as if they were three big blossoms..

Half-way down the steps leading to the hockey field there is a low, round willow tree. This tree was the first to be planted on the new school grounds, although it really belonged to the last class at the old school.

The sixth class tree to be planted is a thickly foliated and well-shaped sycamore. This tree is probably the most photographed tree on the grounds because of the fine view which forms its background—the terraces back of the school, the Sound, and the hills beyond. A bench beside this tree offers a favorite gathering place for girls of all ages.

Perfect in its beauty is the large weeping-willow which is on the slope next to the tennic courts. It is a huge dome with bowing branches which flow to the ground as if they were almost liquid. In the early evening the willow looks as though its soft, green mass could be blown away with the slightest breeze.

The red oak outside the dining room is a tall, slender tree which stands with a graceful pose, its head tilted a little to one side. Its red leaves are scarce and fragile and artistically arranged. It is the favorite roost of the robin whose red breast blends with its red leaves and becomes a part of the foliage.

Then there is that circle of tall poplars down

at the edge of the lawn which can be seen from a great distance because of their height. They are the most stately of all our trees. There is no more satisfying sight than that of the poplar leaves playing in the wind, and no music more soothing than "the whispering sound of the cool colonnade." These trees which were originally planted at the old school were moved in spite of their size because Bisheop Keator cared so much for them. Besides their beauty, these trees are famous for their prophetic power. They are commonly known as the "Wishing Trees." These trees have been used so much for this purpose that a path has been worn between them.

Besides these are many other trees and shrubs including the wild Scotchbroom, all of which have grown since we have been in the present school building. When the Seminary moved into the new school twelve years ago, not only was the landscape bare, but the soil was unsuitable for vegetation. Now with the constant care of Mr. Reynolds, these trees have developed grace and stature, and the bare yard has changed into a smooth green lawn. It is these ornaments of nature which give to the Seminary its present beauty and dignity.

ELIZABETH GOODE, 1937.

RIVERS

When I hear the word, 'rivers,' I think not of softly flowing streams such as those that glide through the picturesque valleys of England. By rivers I am reminded at once of rushing mountain torrents that gash their way through rocky gorges, tumble over jagged rocks, and frolic onward. Their beds are brightly colored rocks that lie unevenly beneath the clear waters. Along the rocky banks are needles that have dropped from overhanging tamarack, pine, and cedar. No swans idle upon these rivers, but trout glisten in their waters, and perhaps a doe with her fawn frisks near the edge. Reflections from the sky above are not a solid blue; they are patched with irregular shadows cast by grayish-white clouds. These rivers bubble with energy, they quiver and bound onward.

MARY COWELL, 1937.

NEW MOON

I saw the moon the other night;
A tiny one, and new.
It seemed but a tear in the sky's dark coat
With heaven shining through.

ELIZABETH ANN HEWITT, 1937.

TIMOTHY THOMAS THOMPkins

I know a Timothy Thomas Thompkins
Who stands just six feet three,
And Timothy Thomas always asks me
For a game of tennis and tea.

I just can't get romantic with Timothy Thomas—
It must be his name—it can't be me.
I like his mother, I like his father,
And I like men six feet three.

And what is wrong with Timothy Thomas?
It's a nice name some people say,
But I would so much rather have
A Tommy, a Bill, or a Ray.

But Timothy Thomas has wavy hair
And eyes that are very brown,
And you ought to see the girls turn round
When Timothy Thomas goes to town.

But Timothy Thomas doesn't go very often—
He was on his way when he asked me
If I wouldn't have one game of tennis
And just a wee spot of tea.

I said, "No, thank you, Timothy Thomas."
And I wish I hadn't, for you see
He has never since asked for a game of tennis
Or just a wee spot of tea.

ALLACE DUTHIE, 1939.

A NICKEL'S WORTH OF MUSIC

The hand-organ man had ground out all his repertoire of the already half-forgotten war music but had not received even a penny. War music usually struck a familiar chord, and those who heard readily tossed him a pence or two. But it was unprofitable to go to Tuddell Court, for there they clinched their pennies tightly. Hard, calloused hands, some pricked, some scarred, clinched their pennies tightly and doled them out only for the necessities of living. When, however, he saw those pitifully tired faces pressed to the windows, straining to hear the last reluctant chords, and knew the children scampered to peek through a crack or to peer over a rail, he hated to turn to more prosperous streets. As he left, he felt the wave of disappointment that came over his listeners. The thought struck him with a sharp pain that it would be a long time before he could afford to bring music to those poor souls again, and to forego the shillings that came from

wealthier lanes. Just then a small hand reached up to him.

"Mister, how much will you play for a nickel?"

The hand-organ man named his pieces. Wistful, longing eyes looked up at him. It was hard to keep the tears back. It was hard not to tell him all about Sally.

"Sally—well, you see, Sally is sick and there ain't nothing that'll help her and she loves music. I thought maybe—maybe you'd play just a nickel's worth of music for her."

He played his whole repertoire through twice and still played on. Upstairs Sally lay near a window. A faint smile transformed her pale face and parched lips. She forgot the pain in the memories the music brought. Everyone in Tuddell Court knew the hand-organ man played for Sally and they bowed their heads. As the man turned again down the street he dropped a quarter into the little boy's hand.

"Buy her some flowers," he said.

JANE THOMAS, 1937.

ALL LOVE SAVE THAT

The rolling sea I've seen at joyous play,
And I have watched him rage with foamy hate
And dance with wicked glee at mortal fate.
In winter storms I've cheered his wild affray;
In spring I've loved him, though he would betray
Me, could he draw me through his wat'ry gate.
I've seen the sea in every mood and state
From shimmering silver, blue, and green, and gray,
And still my love he holds and ever will.
The sea is life and love to me, and song.
He understands each human sorrow—ill.
He teaches wisdom and he cures all wrong;
The sea may mend a broken soul, then kill
All love save that which does to him belong.

BARBARA BATHRICK, 1937.

THE BROOK'S SONG

The little brook tumbles o'er the rocks,
As through the years it flows,
It's always young and full of life,
And sings a song as it goes.

From where it starts to where it ends,
Its gurgling songs resound,
And never tiring through the days
It sings the whole year round.

LOUISE WILBUR, Eighth Grade.



REVERIE INSPIRED BY SNOW

I sat in the cabin gazing through the window. Outside was snow; snow beating a silent rhythm against the once green earth; snow loading the branches of the trees with a blanket of winter's making, as if Mother Nature were putting her child to bed. Even the wind had retreated before the silence.

The poet Wordsworth spoke of "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Here tranquillity itself was emotion. My mind wandered. I thought not of mistakes and failures, but of hopes and aspirations. And always there was the steady silence, silence. There was no avalanche of sound, no hurry to finish the task. Just the steady progress, a building inch by inch to the ultimate. That, I thought, is the way I would build my life.

In the distance a bird called feebly. Its feelings toward the snow would differ from mine. To the bird the night was chill, relentless. A few more chirps and again all was still. Silence had conquered—silence and the night and snow.

I felt a pity for the little bird, an emotion not in tune with my train of thought. But slowly, surely, the snow still falling won me. I closed my eyes and was again lost in dreams.

Suddenly my thoughts changed. The fire had died out. I was cold. The glamour of the night had disappeared, and in its stead were stark realities. I opened my eyes. The snow was no longer falling. A wind had sprung up. The sun was rising from its gray hiding place to start a new day.

Dawn—and my dreams had broken!

BARBARA BATHRICK, 1937.

LUCKY DODDY

Doddy was a young fawn, so-called by the Iroquois Indians. When very small, he was captured while his little mistress, Wah-haw-tow, was taking a walk with him.

It was the month of July, and a forest fire was visible. Wah-haw-tow walked a long distance. While Doddy gambled ahead, she turned back without his knowing it. Doddy kept running on. Suddenly he heard the flapping of the monstrous wings of Elie, a great eagle. Doddy ran ahead under the cover of the light brush. He did not notice which way he was going, but soon realized that he was going right into the fire, because his eyes began to smart. There were two ways he could turn. He could either go on

toward the fire or he could turn back in the direction where the eagle was. He chose the former. The heat was intense as he progressed toward the fire. Doddy was about ready to turn back when he heard the eagle screech as he found some unfortunate prey. When he regained consciousness he found himself in some grass into which he had fallen. The fire was only a glowing light on the horizon. Doddy was safe and free.

BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, Seventh Grade.

TO A FRIEND

I miss you
As the night waves miss the moon,
Or day, the shining sun.
You left too soon.

I rise at dawn
To lonely tread the path of gold
To yon high sunny hill.
When day is old

I walk alone
In evening's somber light
Amid the trees where first we met,
Till it is night.

The seasons change,
And I, too, like the Earth which learns
To wish for Spring's arrival, wait
For your return.

ELIZABETH ANN HEWITT, 1937..

CLOUDS

Today I looked into the sky
And saw a stallion speeding by,
White steed of Jove it seemed to be.
His silky mane was waving in the breeze,
About the world this filmy ribbon streamed
Behind the prancing steed,
As he went riding through the sky.

ELIZABETH GOODE, 1937.

SPRING NIGHT

Night steals on;
In diminishing golden radiance
The sun dips
Through the misty clouds
That weep with grief
To see it gone.

ELIZABETH ANN HEWITT, 1937.



SNAP SHOTS

It seems a long time since we returned to another year at the Seminary. Remember the Get-acquainted party? Never can we forget the cow (which was really K. Paulson and Parkie) and the shy milk-maid who was Lois, nor can we forget the Dachshund (who was motivated by Lorna and Lizzie Goode). There was no doubt that the party was a triumph, and we all knew each other better afterwards.

Just as the Juniors were about to take up the hunt for the spade and the Seniors were mustering their courage to bear the disgrace, Dorothy Parker and Sue Fisher extracted it from its hiding-place. It has been much in evidence all year.

Then there was Hallowe'en when we entertained the most unusual guests. There was a walking skyscraper (K. Paulson) led around by a robot (D. Parker). Tammy and Omar honored us by their presence, thanks to Lois and Hummie. And of course all the good, familiar Hallowe'en games were enjoyed.

Although we possess but a meager knowledge of sewing, we did our best by our dolls for the Bazaar. One class arranged its table to represent a barn dance with dolls in gingham dresses and country jeans. The window of a toy shop made an inviting display, and a sports parade and nursery offered dolls to suit various tastes. The Missionary Society was pleased with the proceeds and was able to bring Christmas cheer to several families in the city.

And then the Sorority Dance. Was it star dust? We are not sure, but we know the gold stars on the black background made a perfect setting for all the gay Seniors.

At Christmas time there were the traditional festivities so dear to us all, the dinner followed by the Carol Service in the Chapel.

There were several trips to the Mountain this year. The Seniors and Juniors had a party of their own, and the Sophomores and Freshmen followed their example. Greater skill in skiing was by no means the only thing acquired on these trips. Yes, sunburn aplenty was brought back and also something of a Norwegian accent.

The Junior Frolic! What a display of hearts and colored balloons! Gay couples danced to gay music—a real success and another score for the Juniors.

To display their aquarian skill, the swimming classes presented a Water Pageant. Remember

how the pool was transformed into a tropical lake inhabited by water sprites and mermaids? Remember those cute green frogs?

Never shall we forget how beautiful the Great Hall was on the night of the Junior Promenade, with the garlands of daffodils, the Dutch windmill, and the little Dutch girls serving punch. The Juniors showed all their ingenuity, and the Seniors for whom they gave the dance had a glorious time.

Throughout the year the CREST has claimed much attention, especially in the drawings that have decked its pages. In order to raise funds for the SHIELD, the Staff held an exhibit of kodak pictures and a pet show. The pets included three live dogs who walked off with complimentary first prizes. Just to prove its originality and to have some fun, the Staff entertained itself at dinner. The Junior members provided the amusement by giving skits satirizing several incidents of the past year.

St. Nicholas came over from Seattle and played games with us one day. We indulged in all kinds of sports, had a picnic lunch in the gymnasium, and thoroughly enjoyed playing together.

Oh, and Dad's Day. Remember how the dads played baseball? Both Blues and Golds had fine teams, but the Golds won. Maybe it was because their captain, Mr. Guyles is an old hand at it. Of course the dinner was a success, with all our class songs and the response of the dads.

Field Day, May Day, and the Athletic Association banquet came in close succession. We felt that May Day was all that we had hoped. Even the weather sent congratulations, and let the sun shine upon us "from dawn till dewy eve."

And now Commencement is at hand. It is hard to realize that we are leaving the Seminary, that we shall not return for another school year. We are quite sure, however, that we shall come back to visit old haunts, however far we may wander.

"Hearts turned toward our Alma Mater,
May our lives at length
Prove thy daughters, bear thy motto:
'On from Strength to Strength.'"





1937



THE SHIELD



STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Virginia Holmes, Janet Robbins, Lorna Studebaker, Frances Force, Sue Fisher, president, Frances Sanborn, Jane Ringling, Maryhelen Grande. Seated: Lois Parker, Barbara Ohnick, Mary Cowell, Lucy Strange, Vera Fraser, Elizabeth Goode, Anne Murray.

OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

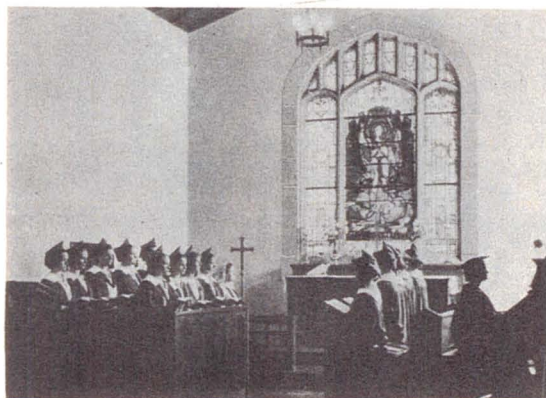
Standing:

Frances Young
Patricia Fraser
Janet Robbins

Seated:

Dorothy Parker
Elizabeth Goode





CHRISTMAS

The Christmas season this year seemed especially beautiful. An old English play found an appropriate setting in the Great Hall, and its atmosphere was intensified by symbolic dances presented by the Dance Group. The Christmas dinner which preceded the Carol Service followed all the traditions which make it so memorable an occasion. The Carol Service always means much to the Seminary girls. All the favorite carols were sung, and an address was given by the Bishop. Singing the recessional hymn, "We Three Kings," as we left the Chapel with its dancing candles and fragrant cedar, we took with us something of the meaning of Christmas. At midnight the Seniors sang carols through the corridors, a happy ending for our Christmas festivities.



THE MOUNTAIN

Skiing, ping-pong, dancing, sliding! The Mountain holds all these and more. The girls who were lucky enough to enjoy a week-end at Paradise discovered many wondrous wonders there. Garbed in appropriate togs, they left school in a large bus and expressed their exuberance by singing merrily along the way. Skiing all day, taking time out only to appease ravenous appetites, and an hour spent around the huge log fire in the Inn filled the day's program. Such comical falls could never have been seen before! The next night the skiers returned, sun-burned or—if they were fortunate—tanned, and perhaps with a few bruises as souvenirs. Hot chocolate and sandwiches were served at the School, and then to bed.



THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

Our own Great Hall was not itself on the night of the Junior Promenade, but a charming Dutch garden, splashed with vivid colors of spring blooms. Flower-decked windowsills and laticed walls formed a pleasing background for the gay frocks of the dancers. Guests were received by Miss Wilson, presidents of the Junior and Senior classes, and patrons and patronesses. How we enjoyed it all! The evening was a continual round of festivity—dinner at the Winthrop Hotel, chatting, laughing, dancing to the exciting tempo of the orchestra.



DAD'S DAY

What a day! What a crowd of dads! What fun! How our dads did swing that bat! The people on the sidelines were ducking their heads and holding their breath, while a few energetic spectators were looking for the ball. To give the dads a chance to collect their dignity and poise, the daughters presented a swimming exhibition. The greatest fun of all came at dinner. Mr. Wallis, accompanied by Mr. Guyles, entertained us delightfully with several songs. Each class had a song of its own composed especially for the Day, and the dads soon responded. And of course the last song of all was the School Song. This year we were happy to have our Bishop among the dads. We are all looking forward to greeting you again next year, Dads.



MAY DAY

A beautiful day came this year, we are sure, just to see our glorious May Fete. We shall never forget our lovely queen, Betty June Howe, who with the radiant Maid of Honor, Bette-Jo Simpson, presided so graciously over the festivities. The Senior attendants in their crisp organdie frocks of gay pastel shades were a charming court. Upper and Lower School dancers provided entertainment for us all, and the winding of the May pole was the last scene of the afternoon's gaiety.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BANQUET

On the evening of May Day the dining room was the scene of the Athletic Association banquet, one of the most anticipated events in our school year. Lois Parker won the prize for the cleverest table decoration. At the close of the dinner came the presentation of many awards. A. W. S.'s went to Elizabeth Goode, Dorothy Parker, Ann Huston, Margaret McGinnis, Anne Murray, Frances Young, and Vera Fraser. Judy Fraser won the High Point cup with 190 points. The Blues carried off the Shield. Lower School cups went to Vera Fraser and Barbara Ohnick. The great moment came when Sue Fisher announced the choice of Anne Murray as next year's Key girl.



FIELD DAY

Good sportsmanship and enthusiasm were shown in Blue and Gold competition in the tennis and badminton finals. On Field Day, hockey, volleyball, and swimming were won by the Golds. In the tennis singles match Judy Fraser won from Elizabeth Goode after a hard struggle. In tennis doubles Alice Ohlson and Mary Jean Morris defeated Judy and Vera Fraser. The most exciting game was the badminton match between Constance Franckum and Judy Fraser, which was won finally by Judy. Judy and Vera won the badminton match from Anne Murray and Frances Young. In the match in baseball between Lower School Blues and Golds, the Golds were victorious.



COMMENCEMENT

1937

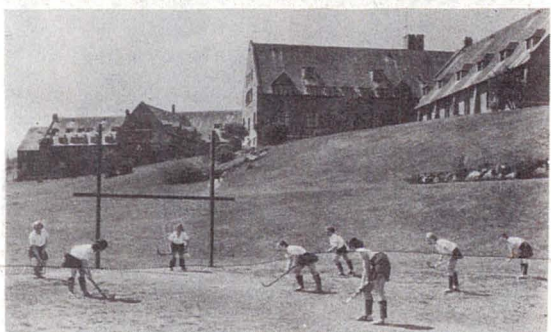
Omnia vincit veritas.





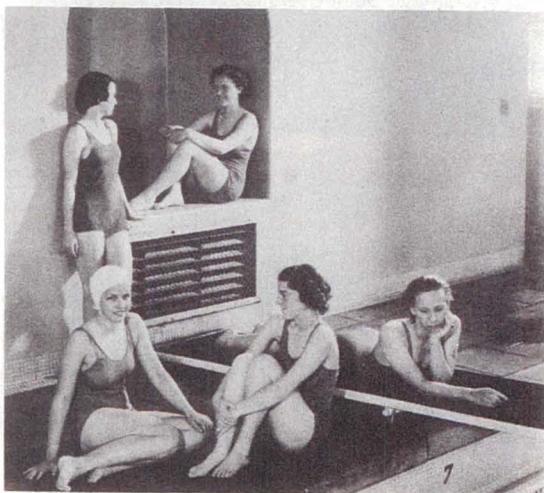
THE DANCE CLUB

Three years ago the Dance Club was organized to offer to those girls who are interested in dancing a chance to create their own compositions. The club has enjoyed an active year. Dancers had an important part in the Christmas festivities, they appeared on the play-day with St. Nicholas, and presented a program on May Day. Theirs was the honor, also, of dancing for the Aloha Club, the Garden Club, and at the College of Puget Sound. The Club's favorite dance this year is "Gossip"—just why, we hesitate to say!



HOCKEY

From all appearances one suspects there is nothing that the girls like better than to take "old faithful"—their hockey sticks—and follow the crowd down to the field for a good, rousing game of hockey. This year the games were exceptionally exciting because of several ties and close scores. The players on the field are not alone in their enthusiasm, for the spectators on the bleachers play a game themselves by rooting and trying to tell their friends how to play. Almost before one realizes it, the game is over. Winners and losers happily hurry off to tea, arm in arm, while they discuss the game just played and anticipate the one to follow.



THE SWIMMING MEETS

Honors go this year to the Gold team for the best performance on Dad's Day. Their exhibition of racing and diving was outstanding. Frances Young lived up to all expectations as the school's star fancy diver. Others who deserve credit are Helen King, Judy and Vera Fraser, and Lois Parker. Once again on Field Day the championship was awarded to the Gold team. Frances Young out-stroked all the other girls in school and was presented with the Swimming Cup. Helen King's diving performance are excellent, and it is no wonder that she received the Diving Cup. The girls are to be congratulated on their fine team spirit and on their individual performance.



RIDING

Friday afternoon, and the girls are ready for another much anticipated ride on the prairies. If you wish to sweep away your troubles, a fast canter over the wide, undulating prairie is just the thing. If, however, you prefer to meditate upon some weighty problem, or only to forget everything except the beauty of the landscape, you may poke along the deep, mossy trails of the wood near-by. After the ride tea is served in the club house—welcome refreshment, indeed. Then the girls climb into the truck and return to school, happy and at peace with the world.



FROM OUR ALUMNAE

Jane Bourne, President of the class of 1936 and Freshman Trustee Scholar at Mills College, sends this account of her experiences. . . .

Commencement proved to be more truly the "beginning" we were told it is than I imagined last year. Beginning college has brought with it a thrill that I cannot explain. The opening of the world before you and the vastness of the knowledge there is to acquire are as alive to me at the end of the year as they were at the first.

One of the best of the many campus activities is the Dance Club under Tina Flade, pupil of Mary Wigman. The club meets an hour a week outside the regular dance classes. Each year it takes part in a dance symposium held with similar groups from seven other western colleges. This year Stanford was our hostess. Each group presented a dance of its own composition. This was followed by a period of improvisation; then the high spot of the day—an exhibition of technique by six of Martha Graham's troupe. I asked one of the girls how Betty Garrett is getting along, and she said, as I expected, "Very, very well."

No, I doubt if I'll ever forget Mr. Wallis' off-repeated phrase, "Some day you'll appreciate this singing." It's not that I ever seriously doubted him, but the "proof of the pudding" came when I joined the college choir. We are often asked to sing for organizations around the Bay region, and find our hosts friendly and great fun. On several occasions we have sung in churches. The biggest event was going to the City to sing at a dinner held in celebration of Mills' eighty-fifth anniversary. Our disappointment over not hearing Mr. Hoover speak, as we had anticipated, was eased by having on our table the birthday cake, three feet in diameter!

Really, I could go on eternally. I'd like to tell you about the concerts and operas; the distinguished people one encounters; about the girls who come from thirty-five states and ten foreign countries. You are not at all surprised by Chinese girls in native dress, or by two dark-skinned sisters from India with braids of straight, black hair reaching to their hips—these looking odd with American-made sweaters and yards of cloth draped much like Roman togas.

I could tell you much more, but you will agree that a few surprises should be left for you.

We have received this letter from Betty Garrett, 1936, who is studying at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York:

I've been having such an interesting time that there are hundreds of things I could

write about. It's such fun to be able to write to you all like this. By this time you must be all ready to go home for the summer with, I'm sure, a happy year behind you.

Last night I saw Katharine Cornell in "Candida," and enjoyed it very much. The night before I saw Martha Graham and her group on her return to New York.

I've seen Jimmie Fogg quite often lately. We have lunch together all the time and we even went to the Circus.

I think I'm very lucky to be studying here in New York under two such geniuses as Martha Graham and Lehman Engel, our singing teacher.

But so much for New York—I only wish I could peek in on those last few days before vacation which were always so exciting, but I'll be thinking of you all.

From Frances Anderson, 1933, a "Smith Person," comes this account of Smith's great day:

Washington's Birthday is set aside as Rally Day. In the morning all of us, attired in white and adorned with our respective class colors, assemble in John M. Green Hall. When the Freshman and Sophomores are seated in the balcony, Mr. Moog at the organ begins a joyous march. The Juniors and Seniors enter, then the Faculty, resplendent in academic regalia. Last comes our beloved president, Dr. Neilson. In his blue and red Edinburgh gown he portrays all the scholar should be, yet his black velvet beret set roguishly over one eye hardly conceals the twinkle that so endears him to us. The program includes an original poem and an address by some person of distinction.

In the afternoon we have an all-Smith rally—much fun, a basketball game, and polish it off by going out to tea, that great collegiate institution.

In the evening is held the Rally Day Show, a take-off of the Faculty. Each of the three upper classes presents an act. One year it was the "Divine Comedy," the Sophomores depicting Hell, the Juniors Purgatory, and the Seniors Heaven!

The grand finale is the Faculty Show. Once Mr. Patch who weighs a mere two hundred twenty made a magnificent Lady Macbeth, when the Show was a satire on the New Deal, "Lady Macbeth of Northampsk."

Rally Day is really an occasion. On my calendar Washington's Birthday will always have a red star—not only to recall happy memories, but to remind me of the grand day they are having at Smith.





IN MEMORIAM

TO TAMMY - - -

Perhaps, O Queen Proserpina, in your dim realm
beyond the Gates of Sleep, there may appear
before your throne a little, dusky shade,
whose bright eyes shine beneath his shaggy locks,
who, with uplifted paws, will ask you silently
to toss the ball he drops before your feet.
Pray love him well, for in the world above
like you he too was loved, and now is mourned,
companion for a playful mood, a friend
who shared the wondering of a kindly heart.
Pray give him your caress, Proserpina,
then toss his ball far out across the fair
Elysian Fields, where dwell none but the true of heart,
that like those noble souls he too may know
in death the same joy that was his in life.

MARIE WOODWORTH TEMPLETON.